3: Hart E-5 (1928-1929) 1930 OI20 Tiwi OI20

Phratry 1 (*continued*) Clan Name	Totems
(*e*) *Mandubawi, Mandubuka, Mandubowi*	fly
(*d*) *Udujini, Uduma, Udumi*	crocodile
(*e*) *Milubruinila, Milubrukela, Milubruwila*	cockatoo
(*f*) *Mierdi, Mierdina, Mierdui*	pandanus
(*g*) *Tanikini, Taninka, Tanikui*	flying fox
(*h*) *Mutuninila, Mutungula, Mutunibila*	a fish
(*i*) *Timilani, Timiluka, Timilowi*	sand fly
Phratry 2.	
(*a*) *Timiririnini, Timiririna, Timiririgui*	woolly-butt tree
(*b*) *Yarinabila, Yarinabunela, Yarinabila*	red paint, sugar bag, (wild honey)
(*c*) *Orandjani, Orandjuka, Orandjowi*	stingray
(*d*) *Paroliuginila, Paroliungula, Paroliugibila*	mud
(*e*) *Iliti, Ilitina, Ilitui*	*malikini* (a wild fruit)
(*f*) *Andjulini, Andjuluna, Andjului*	rain, turtle
Phratry 3.	
(*a*) *Tokwombini, Tokwombuna, Tokwombui*	a bird
(*b*) *Ariŋguinila, Ariŋguinela, Ariŋguwila*	stones
(*c*) *Pinaluwinila, Pinaluwinela, Pinaluwila*	wood
(*d*) *Walikuinila, Walikuinela, Walikuwila*	stars
(*e*) *Wirnigiti, Wirnigitina, Wirnigitui*	bloodwood, *mipari* and a kind of fish.
(*f*) *Taparini, Taparina, Taparui*	moon
(*g*) *Djabijabini, Djabijabuna, Djabijabui*	march fly.

In reference to the list it must be pointed out that among the Tiwi there are two languages; one is used in common everyday conversation, and the other is a sacred language used on ceremonial occasions, in ritual songs and formulae. Most of the clan-names of the above list are words belonging not to the ordinary language but to the esoteric language. Such words would never be used in ordinary conversation *except as totemic names*. A bloodwood tree in ordinary speech is *urnalaka*, the wild plum is *malikini*, rain is *paketirina*, the cockatoo is *ingaga*, trees are *tuka* and so on. Of the twenty-two clans nine are normally called by a word in use in the ordinary language; the other thirteen have names taken from the sacred language.

Sir Baldwin Spencer apparently failed to distinguish between the

3: Hart E-5 (1928-1929) 1930 OI20 Tiwi OI20

sacred and the ordinary language, with the result that his list of Tiwi clans and their totems is confused and inaccurate.[4]

The Tiwi do not seem to associate very closely the totemic clan and the object that is the totem of the clan. For instance a man of the *Udunui* considers himself as *Udunini*, not as a crocodile, which he normally thinks of as *irungrabai*. The bond of solidarity is between one member of the clan and another rather than between a member of the clan and his totem.

So much is this the case that it is occasionally difficult to ascertain what is the natural object which gives the clan its name, *i.e.*, what is the totem of the clan. The *Ariŋgwila* are a case in point. In order to find what natural object was the emblem of this clan recourse had to be had to a few old men of the clan who were apparently the only people in the tribe who knew what natural object was the emblem of the *Ariŋgwila*. Everyone knew that a number of men, women and children were *Ariŋgwila*, thought of them and referred to them as *Ariŋgwila*, but very few members of the community connected them in any way with stones—" any kind of stones"—which according to these old men, are the *Ariŋgwila* totemic emblem.

With regard to the origin of the totemic clans and their names the natives say that the system of *pukŭi* was instituted by the old men a very long time ago. One old man said at some time in the distant past " *Udunui nia pukui kapi Primandua*—Udunui is my totem at Primandua," and so everyone knew his totem was *udunui*. Knowing their legends everyone knew the connection between *Udunui* and *Primandua* since it is at this place, a district in Bathurst Island, that *Munŭtuni*, the father of all crocodiles, still has his home. Another old man decided upon *mandubaui* as his *pukui* because his favourite camping ground was at *Pripanyimili* which has a mythological association with *mandubuka* (the sand fly), such association being founded no doubt on the fact that sand flies breed in great numbers in the mangrove swamps of that region.

The *Ariŋgwila* (the stone totem) are closely associated with a famous rock in *Miŋgi* called *Wurukwompi* which, due no doubt to a hollow interior, gives forth a roll like thunder when beaten with a stick and hence is a sacred object to the natives. The former home of the *Ariŋgwila* is in the

[4] Spencer, *Native Tribes of the Northern Territory*, page 200.

4: Hart E-5 (1928-1929) 1930 OI20 Tiwi OI20

normally gets a new husband as soon as her previous husband is dead, frequently on the same day. Certainly she does not remain single for more than a week, save in exceptional circumstances as when the man to whom by common consent of the horde she is to pass, is absent. She will then remain with her brothers or with the other wives of her husband-elect until his return.

It can now be seen whence the people with tabued names derive their new names. A child who is nameless because his father has died and thereby rendered *pukimani* those names which he has given the child, gets a new name immediately from the new husband of his mother. It is important to notice that this new husband renames not only the children of the recently dead man by his new wife, but all her children no matter who may have been their father.[1]

These newly acquired names then become the ordinary names of the individuals concerned and are retained until the new husband in turn dies, when once more the names are changed by the next husband of the mother. Thus it is literally true that no one has a permanent name until the death of his mother.

The names themselves are rather interesting. With a few exceptions they can be classified into groups by their endings. A full list of these groups is hardly important enough to warrant inclusion here, and a few examples will suffice. The commonest ending of all is *-miri* as in such names as *Timatalotimiri*, *Pripanyimiri*, *Tipilamberanjitimiri*. This is distinctly a masculine ending. There is a corresponding feminine suffix *-mo*, *Kidjibonkimo*, *Munjilatimo* being examples.

These suffixes *-miri* and *-mo* are the only two with a definite signification of sex; the others are indeterminate. For example, *Ilimatirimiiŋi* is a man while *Punjilantamiiŋi* is a woman. Similarly with *Pripanyimirli* who is a man and *U-lau-undimirli* who is a woman.

To understand the coining of the names it must be understood that amongst the Tiwi there are two languages, one the ordinary language in everyday use, the other a sacred language used only in ceremonies, songs and ritual formulae. The latter is composed entirely of words that

[1] Thus A marries B who has children M and N by the recently dead X, and older children P and Q by T who died years before. When X married B he renamed P and Q, and now on X's death A proceeds not only to rename M and N but also to rename P and Q once more.

4: Hart E-5 (1928-1929) 1930 OI20 Tiwi OI20

198 apparently were once part of the ordinary language but by reason of their
192 becoming *pukimani* by one of the methods mentioned above have been dropped completely from everyday use and retained only in the memory of the older people until they are brought out again in some new song or substituted in the ordinary language for some word newly prohibited. The meaning then has to be explained to the younger people who have been born since the word formed part of the ordinary language.

It can easily be understood that in this mass of words handed down orally for centuries there are a number retained of which the meanings have been lost. For example it is quite impossible to obtain a word for word translation of any initiation song of the Tiwi, numbers of words being introduced which are totally meaningless alike to the singer, the maker of the song and to the audience. These words correspond to some extent to the "tra-la-la" or other nonsense syllables frequently found in modern American popular songs, being introduced to provide the correct rhythm or metre, to echo the sense of the song or for some conventional reason, certain meaningless words being exclusively found associated with other words, the meaning of which is known.

551 One of the favourite methods of coining names is to select one of these meaningless words and add one of the nominal suffixes mentioned above to it. Thus *matirandjiŋili* is a word frequently used in songs, the meaning of which is obscure. *Materandjiŋimirli* is, however, a proper name.

Place names are sometimes added to by a suffix or otherwise changed to become proper names. Thus *Pripanyimili*, a district of South Bathurst, gives *Pripantimiri* a masculine name; *Poru*, the district opposite the mission station, gives rise to *Porutimiri* a male name and *Porutimiu* a female name. (It should be noted that there is no connection between such a name and the district of origin or residence of the person bearing the name.)

428 The commonest method of all is for the name to descend in the direct
553 male line. That is, after the death of the father one of his sons (usually but not invariably the eldest) disregarding the name bestowed upon him by his mother's new husband, allows a sufficient time to elapse for the tabu to lose its efficacy and then assumes his father's name. This is done either of his own volition or by the older men of his horde who were the contemporaries of his father adopting the practice of using his

4: Hart E-5 (1928-1929) 1930 OI20 Tiwi OI20

551 To sum up then the main points in the customs of the Tiwi connected with personal names, the outstanding features are these :—

(1) Multiplicity of personal names.
(2) Death renders tabu the names of the dead man.
(3) Death renders tabu similar words in the language.
(4) Death renders tabu names bestowed upon others by the dead man.
(5) Method of coining names.
(6) Tabu on names at certain times (*e.g.*, childbirth, initiation).

551 424 775 198 It is fairly evident from the facts cited in this paper that among the Tiwi at any rate a personal name is the absolute property of the person possessing it. Further than that, it is so identified with his personality that even the use of it by anyone else in resented by the owner. There is no space here to describe the theology of the Tiwi, but it must be pointed out that after the death of a man his spirit does not go with his body to the region of the dead, but wanders about the world in a form both invisible and malignant. Just as an individual when alive would resent the use of his name so too will his spirit and will be much more dangerous an enemy on account of his supernatural form. Spirits are not only malignant, they are also unreasonable, and whereas a live man would not quarrel with you for using an ordinary word resembling his name, his ghost is quite likely not to appreciate the difference. Hence the prohibition against similar words. While in touch with the unseen world it pays to be careful. But in dealing with the unseen world the Tiwi have a special language. This body of words has a sacredness of its own, it is a part of the spirit world itself. Therefore you may incur the enmity of a spirit by using his mundane name or some similar mundane word, but the use of a similar word in the sacred language cannot do any harm; the spirit will not get annoyed with you for using a spirit word, especially as you can only use it in any case on sacred occasions. Hence there is no tabu on similar words in the sacred language.

551 844 This principle of the sacred language for use when in touch with supernatural situations also helps us to understand several other things. The birth of a child is, to a native, a most mysterious affair and the woman is regarded as being intimately in touch with the spirit world. Hence her name as part of herself is invested with a ghostly character and this is expressed by the tribe in treating her husband as if she did not exist, as if

123 The following day we finally went hunting. Peter, his wife Dorrie, and daughter Althea, Filicy and her son Crissy-Boy, Albert, Agnes and I all squeezed into the canoe and paddled about two miles upstream to the next landing. Tudiunginarim, "white-paint-place," [177] used to be an old camp of the white buffalo shooter, Joe Cooper, who at the turn of the century was the first white contact for many of these people. It was very hot and the women took their children 123 into the water, waist deep near the bank, for a swim. It was easy 291 for them in their *nagas*, for when they came out they merely wrapped a dry one around and slid the wet one off underneath very 515 modestly. I, in my shorts and shirt, finally gave in to the temptation 609 and, vowing that if I were to live here longer I would take up the native costume, went in fully dressed. This modesty was a funny thing; they who wore no clothes until contact with white men, were being modest only for my sake, and in return I could do no less. So with dripping clothes, which incidentally felt wonderful in the heat, I set off following Albert and Agnes.

123 The nature of the bush was the same as that in back of Minianapi and indeed the same as that around Snake Bay: the same 224 trees, the same burned earth, the same fan palms and pandanus, and the same flatness. The natives always knew where they were; I never did. We were looking for possums and as these furry marsupials sleep in hollow trees during the day, we investigated every likely tree for evidence that they had recently climbed it. Sometimes the little tears in the rough bark could only be seen silhouetted against the sun; at other times the dry ground around the base of the tree would show very definite tracks. Soon Agnes, who was off somewhere to the left of Albert and me, gave two high-pitched calls. [198] In the hunting language I had already learned, one call meant "I'm here, where are you?" and would be answered by their companions with a similar single call. However, two calls meant "Come; I've found something." So we turned in the direction of the call and soon found Agnes standing by a short, hollow tree. Albert took his axe and cut a long pole which he then thrust up through a hole in the tree's base and wiggled. Out popped a large grey possum which sat on the top of the tree trying to make itself as small as possible. Agnes and Albert threw all manner of sticks and stones at it and finally managed to knock it down, when it scuttled away.

797 of North Australia, they are fond of a joke. They chuckled
522 delightedly. Father McGrath can preach in the native language,
but dear old Father Gsell (every one on the north alludes to him
in these affectionate terms) must deliver his sermons in pidgin.
[798] Sometimes this greatly amuses the congregation, and many
spirited and life-like reproductions are enacted again and again
after the service.

797 WHILE taking a walk round the grounds of the mission
753 station, an urchin of no more than three and a half years of age
761 was pointed out. That very morning this little fellow had
plunged into the shark-infested straits and saved his baby sister
from drowning. She was unconscious when brought ashore, and
the usual methods of resuscitation were followed by Father
McGrath, who had hurried to the scene. Then arose one of the
difficulties the mission staff are constantly encountering. All the
[754] ills that befall the islanders are attributed to magic. No black
ever dies a natural death: always there is some evilly-disposed
person responsible!

When treatment was commenced, the child had been laid on her stomach while the water was pushed out of her body. The blacks had seen an apparently drowned boy revived when laid on his back, and immediately became excited and angry. It was necessary to turn the child over for a while, otherwise the mission fathers would have been held responsible if she had not recovered. And, all the time that treatment was in progress, an old woman (very much in the way) had sung in the baby's ear.

In the opinion of the women who had gathered round, it was the singing that brought the little girl back to life, and her recovery had nothing whatever to do with the father's efforts, although he would have been held responsible if he had not been able to save her! The old men have some glimmerings of common sense, but the old women are terrible old witches and it is quite impossible to convince them.

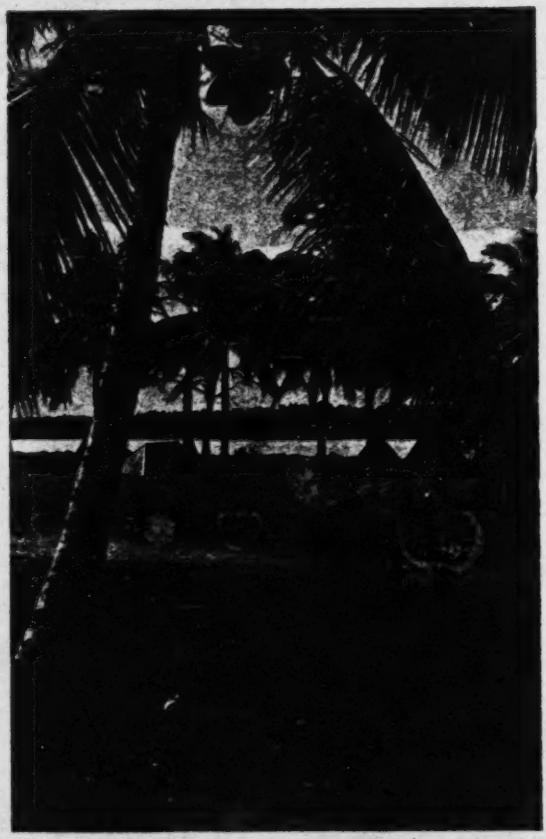
When anyone is sick, it is the invariable custom to sing a monotonous phrase over and over again in the patient's ear to bring him back to health; and, wherever a pain is felt, it is usual to cut the skin down to the third integument to let the sickness out. On one occasion a man was suffering from acute abdominal pains, and his relations, who wanted to cut him open, came to the mission fathers to seek their approval of this drastic treatment. Here was an awkward predicament! If the sick man was cut open, he was sure to die; and, since nothing would induce him to go to the hospital at Darwin for skilled attention, he might die in any case. In either event the fathers would be held responsible. They stood firm and refused their approval. However, while the relations were hesitating in view of the emphatic assertions of the mission fathers, the man made a surprising recovery. The cure was of course ascribed to the singing, not to the good advice that kept the man on a starvation diet of water only.

755 The islanders firmly believe that they will be poisoned if they go to Darwin for treatment, but they will always trust their own people. One man, who had been employed on a pearling lugger (all the islanders are naturally good seamen), had a leg taken by a crocodile, and was forced to find some new way of making a living. He had learnt a lot too much in the years that he was away, and, on his return to Bathurst Island, he set up in practice as a witch-doctor. A woman on the point of

13:Barclay J-3 (ca. 1939)1939 OI20 Tiwi OI20

411 grass, in the foreground, so that the whirling club slithers on in an unforeseen and most unpleasant manner. It may rise as high as a man's head, or it may strike him on the shins.

133
245
342



NATIVE "HOUSES" UNDER THE COCO-NUT PALMS AT BATHURST ISLAND MISSION.

726 Sometimes, as in the days of chivalry when English and French knights rode out before the main battle, eight men will advance to fight eight men of the other side, one pair at a time, each warrior throwing his spears and clubs in turn. Sentries are then posted to one side, before and behind the combatants. As a warrior with a stock of pidgin English put it, "That feller, him look out front side. That feller, him look out back side."

● [198]

At times warriors arrive by canoe to fight a duel on the beach close to the mission station. These are frequently more serious combats, and then men who are camped under the palms chase the duellists off; but these always land later farther down, and fight it out in the long run. Just before my visit, there had been fought the only naval battle in the history of the islands. The encounter took place in the mouth of Apsley Strait to the accompaniment of excited yells as canoes overturned when warriors stopped unwarily in dodging the flying spears. Nobody

[P. 17(B)]

797 ters, supervising the lubras' work and ordering stores, which are brought from Darwin by the mission's own lugger *St. Francis*. The pleasant lunch we had at the refectory, where wide windows, open all round, admitted every wandering breeze, was due to their efforts, and later I was to see something of the results of their teaching.

797 871 School, both for boys and for girls, takes up only two and a half hours each day, but the pupils learn quickly, and the more they are taught the more they can absorb. Reading and writing are mastered without any more difficulty than in the case of white children of the same age, though the pupils were very shy and almost inaudible when exhibiting their prowess. Arithmetic they do not take to so kindly, unless they happen to be interested by some problem that has a definitely practical application to their own lives; but drawing comes natural to the islanders, as it does to the blacks of the mainland, where I had already seen very spirited sketches made by aboriginal children. Of the affection of the children, both for the sisters and the mission fathers, there was no doubt. To be as close to them as possible was an honour they were all bent on securing.

797 562 THE "blackies," as they call the girls, range in age from tiny tots to those who are practically young women. They were all much excited by the novelty of our visit, bubbling over with laughter, whispering and giggling together. The older "blackies" eye a visitor coyly, smiling over their shoulders with a flash of white teeth; and, when the pilot and I came along with one of the sisters to hear them sing the "Magnificat" and "Adeste Fideles," they fled shrieking, only to turn round and giggle again when they thought that they were far enough away.

"No more gammon!" called the sister, and they lined up demurely to sing their hymns right tunefully, with spasms of giggles in the intervals. To hold up a finger is quite sufficient to bring shrieks of delight from these childish, happy creatures. "Georgie," a very little boy with a very big tummy, so young that he was not yet at the boys' school, sang "Georgie Porgie, puddiny pie, kissed the girls and made them cry" with much aplomb and gesture. If Georgie was at the girls' school, he did not forget that he was a man. He spoke man's language, not woman's talk such as women by custom must use on Bathurst Island, and he sat down like a man with knees wide apart, not together as a woman must.

198 516

535 [562] Then, while the older "blackies" formed a circle, chanting in their own language and clapping their hands in time, little girls, two by two, performed women's dances, which again differ from those of the men. There were buffalo, bullock, and lugger dances, when they imitated the animals with arms widespread or bent slightly at the elbows to represent the horns, or held at angles such as those at which sails are set on a lugger, while, now and then, two little fists beaten together faithfully copied the "put-put" of Diesel engines.

More ambitious and complicated was the dance of the overseas mail 'plane that flies from Singapore to Darwin, when whirling arms represented the propellers and stamping feet the beat of the engines. There is, by the way, a sacred language used for songs, and it is only in this language that the name of the dead can be mentioned. If by chance anyone should mention a dead man's name in the ordinary language, every one within hearing will spit with vigour. If defenceless, the maker of such a faux pas will be hit about the head.

198 533 768